

### The Horse Laugh

"Guess our season's about over and we'll be going into winter quarters," opined Pete, the old circus horse—new in Knickerbocker Service. "Ha! ha! ha! Guess again!" laughed team-mate Ted, who knows his Knickerbocker ice business. "You don't suppose customers stop taking ice because the weather's cool, do you? Don't, for goodness' sake, show your ignorance to that high-brow Boston Horse you chum with at the stable. He'll talk scientific refrigeration 'til you have blind staggers. Just take it from me, our customers know it's the even temperature of a well-iced refrigerator that keeps food healthful and fine in flavor. You'll be on the job when the snow flies, old dear."

The Old Horse is right. Knickerbocker's customers know that ice is a year round necessity, and count on Knickerbocker Horses for regular delivery.

## Knickerbocker ICE Company



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by a low rental in New York's most accessible and popular office building.

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by renting our well lighted space, which means economizing in the amount of space needed.

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by having your office in New York's best known, high grade uptown office building, which will add prestige and character to your business.

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## SLUR ON SERVANT'S SOUL ENDS FUNERAL

Prominent Flushing Woman Rises in Church to Defend Negro.

### CHOKES OFF PREACHER

Congregation Follows Her to Cemetery Where Husband Reads Service.

### 'WAS FAITHFUL 20 YEARS'

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Held No Doubt as to Black Friend's Salvation.

Thomas Vass, a negro somewhere in the late sixties, had been for more than twenty years in the service of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Nelson of 201 Sanford avenue, Flushing, before he died last Saturday, and he had been so faithful and so devoted to them they had come to look upon him almost as a member of their family, and that was the reason, Mrs. Nelson said last night, she stopped his funeral last Monday afternoon when the preacher, the Rev. Henry Parker, began to upbraid the dead man and told the congregation he doubted if the soul of Thomas Vass would be saved.

"I couldn't stand it any longer," Mrs. Nelson said. "Thomas was a good man. He had been with us for twenty years, and he had done everything he could to serve us well. I couldn't stand to hear the preacher say Thomas was not a Christian, and that he would not be saved, because if ever a man led a decent, Christian life for more than twenty years it was old Thomas."

Mrs. Nelson's action caused commotion in the church, the Ebenezer Baptist Church in Flushing, a negro congregation. She said last night she sat for some time in silence as the Rev. Parker upbraided the dead man, cast reflections on his character and pictured him as a bad man, because she thought he was perhaps trying to illustrate a point in his sermon, but she was aroused to action when the preacher leaned forward over the dead man and cried:

"The matter of a soul's salvation must be left to the Lord, but I am very doubtful if the soul of Thomas Vass will be saved."

Mrs. Nelson and her husband were sitting about the center of the church. Mrs. Nelson jumped to her feet, pushed her way into the aisle and cried to the Rev. Parker to stop. Then with a hand on the coffin she told the people in the church, people of Vass's own race and religion, that the man whose body lay there had been a good man and a Christian.

"I cannot stand it," she told them, "I cannot stand it to have this man in the pulpit telling you that Thomas Vass was not a good man."

As Mrs. Nelson defended the memory of her servant, the Rev. Parker was interrupting her, she said last night, with exclamations of "Hold on! Let me finish!"

But Mrs. Nelson motioned to the undertaker, Albert Earl of Flushing, and the bearers carried the coffin from the church, the congregation following as the preacher continued his sermon. There was no time to obtain another preacher, so the funeral procession went to the Nelson home, where Mr. Nelson got an Episcopal prayer book. Then the cortege went on to the Flushing cemetery, and there the body of the old negro was lowered into the grave, while Mr. Nelson read a part of the Episcopal burial service and delivered a brief eulogy.

The preacher last night, told a reporter for The New York Herald he had not said that Thomas Vass's soul would not be saved. What he did say, he declared, was that "all men are frail, and that on the Lord and the value the Lord puts on their work and on their life, depends their salvation."

The Nelsons are members of one of the most prominent Flushing families. Mr. Nelson is connected with the Flushing Branch of the Corn Exchange Bank.

### THIEF TAKES 12 PIGS

LADEN WITH BACTERIA

Bacteriologist Wants to Warn Some One in Danger.

PROVIDENCE, Oct. 19.—To buy a pig in a poke is bad policy; to steal a dozen of them without knowing the pigs may prove fatal.

Some one made a haul of guinea pigs from a barn near the State House where the animals, owned by the State Board of Health, were being kept for experiments.

Two were inoculated with tubercular germs; two others with the germs of rabies.

Dr. Lester G. Round, State bacteriologist, says he is eager to locate the pigs or the men who stole them, not so much to recover the animals as to let it be known what a dangerous lot they are.

## PUP STILL KEEPS HOUSE AMIDST CITY HALL FLOWERS

Cheers and Tears From Crowd Save Eustace When Gardener, Catches Him in Trap Only to Let Him Escape.

Eustace is a pup, a friendly little

brown and white pup, with a tail that almost solves the problem of perpetual motion and a squint in his right eye that makes him look as if he were all the time grinning at something.

Two weeks ago Eustace set up housekeeping under a big fernleaf palm in a bed of geraniums and oleanders in City Hall Park, just south of the County Court House.

The pup made friends with one of the girls employed in the County Clerk's office. She told the other girls what a funny little dog was living in the park, and when they went to lunch they brought back something for the pup and named him Eustace.

Everybody agreed Eustace was quite a pup but the Park Department gardeners. They tried to catch him one day, and then they tried for several other days in succession, and then they gave it up for a time, because Eustace always retreated to the center of the geraniums, and none of the gardeners had the courage to follow.

But the gardeners decided Eustace must be made an example of, so yesterday morning one of them rigged up a soap box trap, one end of the box being raised and supported by a stick, to which was attached a long string. Under the box were placed bits of meat and the gardener waited at the far end of the string for Eustace to yield to his appetite.

Eustace thought it was some sort of

a game. He barked, wagged his tail and capered about the box. He sniffed the meat and growled his appreciation, and then sat up and begged. Everybody cheered, and Eustace became frantic in his efforts to please.

And just at the height of the excitement the girl who had first seen Eustace came along. She watched a moment and then she said to the gardener: "What are you trying to do to Eustace?"

"I'm going to catch him," said the gardener, "and then we'll probably kill him."

"Oh!" the girl exclaimed, "I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

And she began to cry, and the gardener began to feel very uncomfortable. But he had his duty to perform, so finally when Eustace ran under the box he pulled the string. And the box fell, and Eustace was caught.

He was so frightened when the gardener lifted the box he just covered his eyes for some reason or another his arms became clumsy, so the pup suddenly came to himself and fled for his life in among the flowers.

"Sticks!" exclaimed the gardener. "I'll bet I get you yet, you mutt."

But he winked at Eustace, and Eustace winked back, and then the pup settled himself under the palm for a snooze.

## NURSE NAMES MAN AS POISONER OF SIX

Arrest Expected in Mailing of Deadly Fudge to Chicago Hospital.

SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE NEW YORK HERALD.

CHICAGO, Oct. 19.—Miss Helen Rosenfeld, nurse at the West End Hospital, who with five others is in a serious condition from eating candy poisoned with cyanide of potassium to-day gave to postal inspectors the name of a man she believes sent the candy. Postal inspectors admitted they had information that will lead to an arrest.

The sending of the candy with a note anonymously signed "From an admiring patient" recalls the series of death threats made against Dr. B. H. Breakstone, superintendent of the hospital, and his wife last March. Police believe the candy may have been directed to one of the nurses in the hope she would give a portion to Dr. Breakstone.

Last February a woman operated on by Dr. Breakstone died. Soon afterward an Italian entered the hospital, demanding the man who murdered his wife. When he learned Dr. Breakstone performed the operation he tried to stab him. In court the man gave the name of Joe Burnett and his address as 2223 South Union street, a lumber yard. He was fined and discharged.

Later, Frank Brogi, proprietor of a restaurant, received a letter offering \$10,000 to him if he would kill the doctor's wife. Brogi gave the letter to the police, who have been searching for the anonymous author.

Postal authorities believe a man was the sender, because it is said the scrawling address on the package is that of a masculine hand. Police incline to the theory the revengeful madness of a jealous woman is the motive. They point out that a woman's hand is undoubtedly seen in the making of the candy chocolate fudge.

The theory advanced by Dr. Breakstone is that Miss Rosenfeld was an Austrian refugee and at one time a captive of the "Reds" there, and some one had followed her to America to seek her life. Miss Rosenfeld, however, denied she was an Austrian. The nurses who were poisoned were Alma Dorfstedt, Daisy Casey, Theresa Tife, Anna Tuble, Helen Rosenfeld and Helen Leslie.

## BOMB ADDS TO MYSTERY IN MANY QUEENS FIRES

Long Island City Factories Protected From Firebug.

The finding of an aerial bomb near the

Metaline Manufacturing Company, Third street and West avenue, Long Island City, aroused great uneasiness yesterday and added to the mystery of occurrences in that neighborhood recently. The bomb, with fuse attached and apparently in perfect condition, was lying near a fence. Some attempt had been made to conceal it, possibly until it should be called for later.

Four fires, all of mysterious origin, which have taken place recently at the Astoria Mahogany Mills have kept the Hunter's Point police busy on the theory that a pyromaniac is abroad.

Factories in the Steinway section of Long Island City have been receiving special protection since the recent fires. Whether the bomb represents another form of the suspected pyromaniac's activities the police have not decided. They have asked the Federal authorities for aid in an investigation.

## \$15,000 LOFT ROBBERY ON JEWISH HOLIDAY

Rope Ladder Used in Job in Fifth Avenue Building.

Returning to business after the feast of Yom Kippur, members of the firm of Wexler & Krebs, manufacturers of women's suits, cloaks and fur garments, discovered that their shop on the third floor of 472 Fifth avenue had been robbed of goods valued at \$15,000. The report of the robbery did not become known until yesterday.

The loft is believed to have been entered Sunday, October 1, or the next day, entrance being gained by a rope ladder dropped from an adjacent roof. After taking the goods down the elevator and loading a truck with them they locked the door and drove off.

SHELL SHOCKED; WIFE SUES.

Supreme Court Justice Giegericht, sitting in The Bronx, reserved decision yesterday in the annulment action of Mrs. Marie Plisko of 2110 Valentine avenue, The Bronx. Her husband is Cornelius Plisko, 20, of 1043 East Tremont avenue, a former marine, who served two years in France, won a Croix de Guerre and spent four months in a hospital, a shell shock victim.

Mrs. Plisko testified to erratic actions of her husband, which three alienists testified were symptoms of insanity.

## LOVED BY CHILDREN, IS GUILTY OF THEFTS

Yorktown Man, 60, Builder of Toy Boats and Doll Carts, Gets Suspended Sentence.

### 4 YEAR MYSTERY ENDED

Booty Consisted of Pins, Baby Ribbon and Trifles—Leaves Town and His Playmates.

The serial robbery mystery that has kept the police of Yorktown, N. Y., on their feet constantly since 1917, when the first instalment of the odd sort of booty disappeared from Weston Barrett's general store, is solved. Samuel Ackerman, 60, white haired and whiskered and beloved by the children of the town because he could make the finest boats and doll carts, was the culprit.

Yesterday, after he had been found guilty of petit larceny and released under bond of \$200 with a suspended sentence of six months hanging over him, the man left Yorktown for places unknown. Even his victim, it was reported, was sorry to see him in trouble and sorry to see him leave town.

Four years ago the Barretts began taking long Sunday automobile rides, leaving their store unwatched but locked. One Sunday night they returned to find a side door open and several packages of pins missing. There was no clue to the identity of the thief. The next Sunday the door was locked when they returned from their ride, but several tinblades and a package of raisins were gone. The police were called in, but the investigation led to nothing.

The petty thefts continued through the fall of 1917 and the early part of 1918 and on through the remaining years up to the Sunday before last, when the thief grew unusually bold and took a couple of yards of baby ribbon, some pins, a pad of paper and two or three two cent stamps. The Barretts decided that right then was the time to take up the solution of the mystery in a serious way. They called in a neighbor, Leon Washburn, to help them.

Washburn went to the store after dinner on Sunday and hid himself under the counter. A little while later the Barretts came out, cranked up the car and drove off. Everything was set when the door was opened with a skeleton key.

It was Ackerman, all dressed up in his Sunday black suit, who came through the door as Washburn watched through a crack in the counter, it is alleged. According to Washburn, Ackerman almost collapsed when he found out he had been discovered.

When Ackerman was arraigned before Judge C. E. Brown at Yorktown, Tuesday the charge against him concerned only the theft of a package of raisins and a few insignificant articles valued at not more than a dollar. He heard Judge Brown declare him guilty and hung his head. He went home, but came back to court yesterday, when he was told the sentence of six months would be suspended provided he could find some one willing to put up a \$200 bond for him. A resident of Yorktown, who has known Ackerman most of his life, stepped up with \$200 in cash and the man was free.

According to residents of Yorktown Ackerman and his wife are comfortably fixed financially. No one could explain why he should want to take odds and ends from the store. None of the children will be told why the builder of boats and doll carts has left town.

### PLEA FOR SOUTHERN TRADE.

Dr. Thomson and Augustus Van Wyck Speak to Broadway Assn.

The quarterly membership meeting of the Broadway Association was held yesterday at a luncheon at the Hotel Astor. Dr. Kenneth Thomson delivered an illustrated lecture on "The Logical Extension of Broadway to the South," in which he suggested a closer relationship with the business men and planters of the Southern States.

Augustus Van Wyck read an address on "Prosperity." Jefferson de Mont Thompson, president of the association, presided.

## IMPORTANT NEWS!

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in almost every coloring and weave for Fall

at 40.00 - 43.00 and 48.00

A COLLECTION of suits in which the styles and cloths are so varied a man simply cannot help but satisfy his requirements instantly! There are single and double-breasted models, with the new variations in lapels and pockets, and the colorings include heathers, deep blues, various shades of gray, rich mixtures, new shades of brown, and solid colors contrasted with lighter hued stripings.

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## YOUTHFUL DANCE FROCKS

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50.00 75.00

An unusually attractive collection of styles in taffeta, satin and chiffon in pastel colorings.



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OVER the tossing brine, Scotland has dispatched cases to Peck & Peck, loaded with stockings and scarfs and sweaters, whose tones represent the latest outpouring of the Scotch color sense.

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